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VOL. 6. NO. 150.

VANITY FAIR

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And the long list of JESTERS and PHILOSOPHERS who have made their mark in VANITY FAIR as GENIAL AMERICAN HUMORISTS, will still continue with us, having been specially engaged for this paper, while its columns will be graced as heretofore with original engravings by our UNAPPROACHABLE ARTISTS.

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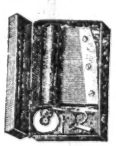

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ETHAN SPIKE ON THE LOOSE.

CANADY, 23d Oct., 1862.

HAOW inscrutible is things sometimes—'specially when you don't see it!

At the very time when I sot in the darkness of onsartinty—starvation on one side an a she nigger waitin for me on tother—when even the cerulean vault of the great eppedermis spread out above me, were opake as a grinstun with no hole into it—even then deliverance was at hand.

Jest as overstrained nater was beginning to unkyle, and I was on the pint of fallin into the "lovin embrace" of the nigger an askin her to "rock me to sleep," I received a letter from my friend Tremendoous Train, who is reconstructin Fanooil Hall and repaintin Bunker Hill—appointin me his deperty for the two Canadies—including Labberdoor and the Gut of Kansas, with a salary of one-third of my airnens.

Of course I cut the nigger at onct, I pitteed the forlorn cuss an broke the matter tenderly, fashioned so slenderly.

"Looky here—you onmittigated essential ile of Ejipshun darkness," says I, "your Ebony, sure enough, but ef you was gofer wood, likewise precious stuns, an inlaid with the pariental mother of all the purls of Golgothy, I'd sooner touch a skunk.

"Go ter ——, you precious old lump of doun-trodden humanity—bein likewise 'a woman an a sister'—look at me! Am I a likely subject to unite my destinies with a darter of Hem, Sham, an Abednego? 'Does the eagle mix his imperious destiny with the crow?'" says I.

"Look at me," says I, folden the old blanket she'd lent me raöund my manly proportions like a Roman togus. "Within these ere folds is inshrined a representatyve of the freeest and almightiest nation between Eastport and sundaöun! Go away, nigger, would we hed never met. 'The last link is broken which baöund me to thee.' Henceforerd my motter is Axelsir. I'm a deperty train, a-runnin through a pictersque country, with sleepin cars attached, an moderate charges. Nigger, farewell.

"'I'd offer thee this hand of mine,' but my bleedin country calls, and 'I'm comin, father Abraham,' besides there's a priory attachment.

"Darter of the Pyramids, Grand ditto of Cheops, an cousin of the Sphinxes, I go." Here suthin like a tear glistened in her eye, as I fondly thought, (it afterwards proved to hev bin in mine,) an I hastened to add:

"O Susanah, don't you cry for me,
I'm baöund to be a Trainer in the army of ——"

But as I didn't rightly know whether it was the one army or *tother*, I didn't finish the line, least I should give offence to the wrong party an thereby injure the cause; so to raöund my period and make the sentence full and flowin, I impervised thus:

"Farewell to thee; Araby's darter."

I turned wavin a graceful ado, when suthin broke. "There goes the poor critter's heart," says I to myself. "You've gone and done it now, you gay deceiver," says I, apostrophisin the fust person singular:

"One more unfortinit,
Rashly importernit,"

Has bin an burst her biler. The sentiment was wasted, however, twas only the collapsin of a flue in her corsets, caused by the irrepresible conflict of tumultoous emotions. Selfishly speakin, I wish it had been her heart. The horrid critter lit on me like a wildcat. She clasped me to her faithful buzzum till my ribs cracked agin. The gret rarslin match atween F. James, the "Manchester Pet," and R. Dhu, the "Scotian Squezer," for the champion's belt, was but child's play to this.

According to the accaöunt in the *Sperit of the Times*, one of the bottle-holders in the furrin tussle says to Jemes, "Jemes," says he,

"No woman's arms is raöund thee, thrown."

That makes all the difference in the world. Jim was lucky. Ef he'd sich a pair of black ones as I languished in till my face hed an affinity of color for hern, raöund him, he'd never got that belt. I wonst hugged a bar up in old Oxford, till his eyes flew aöut of their sockets, one arter tother, like wads from a pop-gun, but the nigger was a high-pressure bore constructor, an when she'd left me, and butted me aöut of the settlement, I was as flat as an inch board, an hev hed a spine in my back ever since.

I enclose a copy of my first poster:

No. I.

A CHALLENGE!!!

I, ETHAN SPIKE, P.B., Depperty Train by appointment, also ASS, by nater.

To all the world, Newfunland and the rest of mankind, greetin:

I propose to dissect almost everything.

1st. I will show that the late lamented C. ROBBING is actually dead.

2d. That he was killed and mortially wounded in some vital part or parts unknown, with sticks, stoans, blunderbudgings, also with deadlie weepns.

3d. That CHARLES SUMNER shot him with a bootjack.

4th. That HORACE GREELEY butted him to death with his naughty bald head.

5th. That Gov. ANDREW seen him die
With his cruel eye.

6th. That JOHN VAN BUREN rung the bell, and acted as chief mourner.

7th. WILLIAM LOYD GARRISON caught the blood in his little dish, and means to write with it, and one of the hull handful of quills he has plucked from the American Eagle's tail, a new "Covenant with death and agreement with hell."

For particulars see small bills.

Augh Revere, ETHAN SPIKE.

THE SONG OF THE MAD BULL.

HAVE you heard of GLAD. BILLY, who has just made a silly
Speech shally-shilly, about Yankee trouble;
Who, with wonderful blunder, shows the blunderful wonder
Of our land torn asunder, eternally double?

How at Newcastle dining, with a plenty of wine in,
And solider lining, he called us demented—
Us Federals flouted, and said that he doubted
If JEFF could be routed, or Union cemented?

Then there was BULL LYTTON, two stools he would sit on,
And swore he had hit on the cure of our folly;
Finding wedlock remorse in, he'd great faith, of course, in
The cure of divorcing, to make a man jolly!

Then PAKINGTON JOHNNY, at Wor'ster went on he,
Like a beef-eating Don he bawled boastings alarming;
And showed by the figures, that cotton, with niggers
For hoers and diggers, is Christian and charming.

For BULL full of victual from spit and from kettle,
At each foreign wittol his wrath is aye hurling;
And believes most sincerely the world was made merely
For what he loves dearly—his prog and pounds sterling!

O BULL! grim and burly, dont you think 'tis too early
To sneer sour and surly at Yankee endeavor?
Though your nature surpasses, in all kinds of brasses,
All others arn't asses, nor you alone clever.

So pray stop your prating, your roar aggravating;
Your passion abating, be blithe, BULL! and bonny!
Oh! don't be so heady, but try to keep steady
Your GLADSTONE and NEDDY, and PAKINGTON JOHNNY!

New Patents.

THE following patents have lately been entered in the Registering Department of VANITY FAIR.

HORACE GREELEY, for an article depreciatory of General MCCLELLAN.

HORACE GREELEY, for an article laudatory of General MCCLELLAN.

HENRY WARD BEECHER, for an improved cap-and-bells, fashioned like a cowl, and trimmed with black wool.

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WENDELL PHILLIPS, for a powerful blower, adapted for fanning the hot coals of fanaticism.

General BUELL, for improved automatic stop motion adapted to advancing armies.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN, for a new way of "puttting his foot down" upon things.

W. C. BRYANT, for a new instrument for gauging Mr. JOHN VAN BUREN'S morals.

General MCCLELLAN, for an old-fashioned but complete way of minding his own business.

G. F. TRAIN, for a complete jack-pudding's costume adapted for American gentlemen travelling in Europe.

CASSIUS M. CLAY, for ditto, ditto.

THE TOWN SHOWS.

CORRESPONDENT who says, Mr. Printer, that VANITY FAIR is the only paper he ever loved, and who on that account, if no other, is entitled to our respect, writes me the following criticism on a passage in my last epistle, and begs me, in a private and on the whole complimentary note, to get it a prominent place in your next issue. I don't know whether he will consider this to be a "prominent place," but if he does I hope you will agree with me, seeing the good humor in which he writes, that his request ought to be complied with. [Certainly—why not?—ED. V. F.]

NEW-YORK, NOV. 1st, 1862.

MY DEAR MR. PYPS: I see that in your last article on "The Town Shows," you speak of the fox scene in the fourth act of the "Bosom Friends" as a "vulgar sell." Allow me to say, then, that I don't see it in that light at all. And I doubt very much whether the fox does. Why, sir, if you study the plot closely, you will see that the incident is anticipated from the start. In fact, the play is very foxy throughout. A keen sportsman would have got on the scent of Reynard in the first scene. *Union* and the *Rooster* were never off his track for a moment. They owed this to the *Hen*. The *Rooster* was to give warning and *Union* was to come to the rescue. The whole strategy of the play is to save the *Hen*. It was probably a genuine Shanghai. And to save the *Hen* it was necessary to destroy the *Fox*. As for *Mrs. Union* and *Fervid*, they were introduced merely to typify the *Hen* and the *Fox*, (neither of whom could well be brought on to the stage alive,) and to let us know that the safety of the household—or hen-hold—depended on getting the *Fox* out of the way.

Union, seconded by the *Rooster*, never swerves from his purpose. In following it up he neglects his wife, his cabbages, and even his cactus. Everything but poultry he looks upon as paltry. He is evidently fond of eggs.

His guests (bosom friends and such) try to make him jealous of his wife, but in vain. He is no such man. They succeed in rousing his suspicions once by telling him that *Fervid* is a fox, and that he is pursuing *Mrs. Union* as if she were a hen, but *Union* finds out, or thinks he does, that they are merely trying to put him off his scent, and thinks no more of the matter. Indeed, while this little trick, as he deems it, is being played upon him, he hears from the *Rooster* or somebody that the genuine and original *Fox* is near, and immediately ignoring the spurious one, (*Fervid*,) he rushes out of the house to the consternation of his guests, and presently returns in triumph, exclaiming that the *Hen* is saved, (a sort of saving of the Union to him,) and producing the body of Reynard—henceforth a sacred trophy—as a proof that the great object of his life is now accomplished, and he can henceforth devote himself in security to the improvement of hens and the cultivation of cacti.

Now, Mr. PYPS, any man who considers there is any "sell" in all this, shows (excuse my plainness,) an ignorance of plays and a contempt for poulterers which is creditable neither to his head nor his stomach. And I'll lay an egg, sir, that my view of the case is that of the author and of Mr. LESTER WALLACK. Of Mr. WALLACK particularly, who engaged for the piece—as I happen to know—the best fox he could find in Maiden Lane, and, both as actor and stage-manager, saw that his *protégé* had full justice done to him.

It is my private belief that, to preserve the unities, he furthermore engaged a rooster and a hen, although he had to keep them behind the scenes—under a bushel so to speak. If not, why was L. W. seen the day before the piece was rehearsed prowling about Fulton Market? What has an actor to do in such places? You don't suppose he eats and drinks like other people, do you? Imagine BLAKE eating or drinking! Yours somewhat indignantly, OBOE.

To all which, Mr. Printer, I have nothing to say, except that the reader must go to WALLACK'S and see for himself. I have been there myself several times during the week, and see no reason for changing my opinion. Moreover, I don't think anybody but a politician ever ought to change his opinion. It's vulgar.

I might add that I don't think "OBOE" is quite in earnest. But that would be disrespectful. Of course when a man prints anything, he means it. I do myself sometimes. I do this week particularly, and therefore when I tell you that "Bosom Friends" is really a very entertaining play, and that not even the fox himself is more clever than Mr. LESTER in it—to say nothing of Mr. FISHER, Mr. GILBERT, and the ladies—I trust that you will go and see it, an you have not done so, if only out of deference to the subscriber.

In respect to the other novelty of the hour—"No Rest for the Wicked" at LAURA KEENE'S—it is already on its last legs. It may be run for a few days more for the show of the thing, but that's all. It was doomed after the first night. Under these circumstances I think Miss KEENE was right in withholding the name of the author. I wish I could say as much of Mr. WALLACK, whose piece is likely to run for several weeks.

Of the rest of the theatres little is to be said. The sensation for the present is MATILDA HERON at NIBLO'S in her great role of *Camille*. After playing this for a few nights she will appear in a new dramatization of "East Lynne." As every impersonation of Miss HERON, however eccentric, bears the impress of genius, it is safe to predict for her a brilliant success. Besides, whatever Mr. MIDAS WHEATLEY touches is sure to turn into gold anyway. If he were in California, people would go to him instead of to the mines. RAVEL and FORREST and HACKETT have made money enough out of him to build a meeting-house. It is highly probable, however, that they have sought out other investments.

At the Bowery houses the managers persist in a line of business far below the intelligence of their audiences, and in consequence are not making much money. Perhaps the difficulty is in finding plays or players of a higher standard. I can hardly think this, though, for the law of supply and demand holds good in theatrical m[illegible]ters as in all others.

In a few days, thanks to Mr. GRAU, we are likely to have something new in the operatic way, beginning, it is said, with GUERRABELLA (Miss WARD that was) in "La Traviata." This and other musical matters may afford me matter of discourse for next week.

PYPS.

HORACE IN HIS SANCTUM.

AIR.—The Mistletoe Bough.

THE Editor's bosom o'erflows with gall,
For no glimmer of comfort he sees at all,
As he figureth up in his shambling way,
The woolly head loss on Election Day.
"Ohio is gone and the Land of PENN,
And Iowa turns in her tracks again;
While the Empire State may to-morrow be
Attached to that recreant company.
O the terrible blow!"

"I am weary of figuring," HORACE cried,
"The horrible issue I may not hide.
In vain do we clamor, harangue, and write,
The masses won't have it, that black is white.
So endeth in smoke our cherished plan
To mix up the checkered race of man.
What a mournful thing! that folk will take pride
In unfrizzled hair and a pure white hide.
O the terrible blow!

"Where, where are the million I said one day
I'd send from the North to the blood-red fray?
Unwilling alike to be polled or shot,
Though I sought them wildly I found them not;
And as years roll on, and the war at last
Becomes a thing of the time long past,
Men will say, as I totter along, aside,
'Alas! alas! how that old man lied.'
O the terrible blow!

"I wish I could know where those men lie hid,
Though what were the use if I could or did?
For they've either deserted me clean and quite,
Or have taken an oath not to vote or fight.
Ah! sad is my fate! I'm a common jest,
A bird that's unhappily fouled its nest,
And my hopes that the spring saw freshly bloom
Lie a-mouldering now in old JOHN BROWN'S tomb.
O the terrible blow!"

OUR WAR CORRESPONDENCE.

SOUTH, Oct. 29th.

DEAR VANITY:—I shall not write a very long letter, this time, as I intend visiting your city in a few days, for the purpose of voting for SEYMOUR.

After that, I shall go to Boston, to vote there.

Then I shall return, and crush the rebellion.

The only trouble about SEYMOUR is the fact that the black Republicans all stay at home and talk, while the Democratic voters are fighting down in Dixie. The Abolitionists got up the war, and want to keep it up, but somehow they don't seem to take much interest in fighting. Maybe they object to getting hurt.

In the meanwhile, the only argument they can find against Democracy is "You're a traitor." That's what RUFUS ANDREWS told me, the other day. He looked just as I do, when I tell a . . . mistake.

But then, nobody thinks much of RUFUS ANDREWS.

Even down here, there is one Rpublican. He is a chaplain. He thinks us an army of traitors. He has confidence in FREMONT, and goes so far as to impeach my patriotism.

"Your very name," said he, "is Eyetalian."

"You're mistaken," I rejoined; "my family is thoroughly American. We are descended directly from the original YANKEE DOODLE, who, if you remember,

> ". . . . . Came to town
> Upon a little pony,
> Stuck a feather in his cap
> And called it MCARONE."

E That convinced him, although he referred to another version of the legend, which makes no mention of my family name, and substitutes a keg of brandy for the equine animal in the second line. Doubtless, however, it was Pony brandy.

My opinion of these Republicans is, that they are a set of serpents in sheep's clothing.

It behooves us, then, to turn out strong at the polls, and give them the thrashing they need. I will do it myself. I will make WADSWORTH feel pensive, in a few days.

. . . Still, this cannot be considered precisely as war news, though it is more interesting, just now.

But there is a little war news, after all. JOEY GARIBALDI is coming over here to follow my example. He is going to offer his sword and his followers to the Federal cause, as soon as his wound is well.

. . . Now JOE is a tip-top fellow, and an old crony of mine. I don't know, really, how I could have got through the Italian war without him. But he has some peculiar ideas, and I'm afraid that he fondly imagines the present fight to be an Abolition tea-party.

. . . In which case he is some mistaken.

Then again, we want victorious soldiers, mostly, to fight our battles. JOE, having been highly unsuccessful at home, offers us his services, and the services of a few thousand highly unsuccessful men. Thank you for nothing, JOSEPH. We have MCDOWELL and FREMONT already.

As for the plea that JOE was defeated by traitorous action, that is hardly available for a man who proposes to fight against traitors. On the whole I should think that JOSEPH might just about as well keep quiet at home for a while. Such is my advice. Italy will need him again before long, and if he comes here, the question of Catholicism will be unpleasantly mixed up with our troubles.

. . . Caprera is a pretty good island. A smart Italian can raise a heap of garden-sass there. Maybe it would be better fun farming than fighting, for a fellow who has not altogether avoided the experience common to whipped persons, and I suppose that by remaining there one could avoid the draft.

Don't you come, JOEY.

Meanwhile, let our battles be fought by known heroes, victorious and glorious when led to the carnival of carnage by

Yours, to Command, MCARONE.

CARDS FOR THE CAMP.

THERE is a possibility—say a prospect—of another winter's campaign in camp: at any rate, there must be a good deal of camp duty one way or another, during the approaching winter, whether our army walks into Richmond or not.

Camp life is apt to be rather tedious, especially in winter, to mild young men accustomed to the domestic order of things. It is also more or less irksome, during inaction, to the fiery spirits of the great cities—the spirits of which, generally, the audience of the theatre is composed; rarely the congregation of the church. Solace for these, our soldiers, should be an uppermost object with those for whom they are suffering: it has frequently been called for by the press, and been very generally provided—especially by lovely woman, who has a way of snowing down into the camps from the aërial apartments where she boards and lodges with the other angels, perfect flakes of the useful knick-knacks which lovely woman, alone, knows how to fabricate. For the mild young soldier, religious wrist-comforters and moral pincushions have come down upon the camp like blossoms of spring; while the fiery spirit has not been left totally unprovided with trappings belonging to the sacred institution of smoking. Lovely woman has done a great deal for the camp, indeed.

But while we see, day after day, the increasing waste in our great cities of those beautiful objects known as *carte de visite* pictures, it continually occurs to us that something for the joys of the camp might be secured by means of them. If our lovely girls, instead of wasting their card-photographs upon dawdlers of the non-combative persuasion, would forward them in small packages, by express, to the camps, an additional motive for cutting and slashing very hard when they fight would be furnished to our soldiers. The refinement which woman's society, only, can impart, would thus, also, be partially obtained, at least, by the fortunate holders of the cards; and the result would be less Ace of Spades and more Queen of Trumps in the economy of the camp.

When some awful swell, who never struck a blow for liberty or anything else, exhibits to us with complacent smirk his gallery of the beauties who are pining for him, between the leaves, considerably thicker than those of Vallambrosa, which strew the gilt-edged album, we think, involuntarily, of the proverb telling us how "wilful waste makes woful want," and of what "woful want" it would be supposing we couldn't get card-photographs of the dear creatures, now that we have got used to the luxury.

Orthographical Freaks.

IN England, they spell "cider" with a y, which seems rather at variance with the usual practice of JOHN BULL, who always has an i to drink—so much so, indeed, that it is a wonder he does not spell his beer as the Germans do—bier. If JOHN doesn't know how to spell it, though, he *does* know how to spill it—down his throat. He puts three gs to "wagon," does JOHN BULL; that is, he spells it with two, and the driver gees on the horses, which makes three.

It is related of NOAH WEBSTER, that, when compiling his dictionary, he contemplated the propriety of spelling "wig" with three gs, out of remorse, probably, for his reckless expulsion of some other unoffending consonants. We are not aware, however, that Mr. WEBSTER's wig has been adopted by any of our writers, though it probably might have found favor, with his other eccentricities, in the eyes of the Senior Editor of the *Tribune*, had it only been made of black wool.

HOW VOTES ARE MADE.

President of the Round-Head Club.—"ANOTHER ABOLITIONIST—EH?"
Other Man.—"No, SIR!—HE'S HAD THE TWIST TAKEN OUT OF HIS HAIR, AND GOES IT DEMOCRATIC, STRAIGHT!"

Presentation of Plate.

A SOUTHERN paper has the following choice item:

"BUTLER MAILED.—The beast BUTLER wore his clothes in a fall at New-Orleans, some days ago, while assisting his wife on board a steamer, and the rent disclosed a complete coat of mail from the neck to the thighs."

What stuff they print in those rebel papers! The story quoted by us arose simply from the fact that General BUTLER always has his flank covered with gun-boats.

To Correspondents.

A. M.—Yes: coal-oil will keep your hair black to the latest carboniferous period.

In cases of extremely auburn hair, however, it should not be applied, as it is very combustible.

T. P. S.—You are mistaken. Mr. DANIEL BRYANT is not the editor of the New-York *Evening Post*. On the contrary, he washes his hands of the black every night, which would not suit the constitution of the journal referred to.

OPHICLEIDE.—The air known as "John Brown" is not original. It has been clumsily pirated by some obscure discomposer, from the tune recorded by tradition as having caused the decease of a mature cow.

CUDBEAR.—On reference to the tariff you will find that "hair when drawn, but not manufactured," is subject to a duty of 30 per cent. This, of course, refers to hairs found in butter, which are always drawn but never manufactured.

Political.

IT is a noteworthy fact that all the street-organ-grinders of this city go for GARIBALDI with the exception of one, who is an Irishman. He goes for GARRYOWEN.

THE WORKING-BEES TO THE QUEENS OF THE HIVE.

LADIES, whom we spend our cash on,
Who to spend our cash were made,
On your slaves have some compassion
In these days of stagnant trade.
Couldn't you—'tis not much trouble—
Lift your skirts? It does seem hard
You should drag through mud and rubble
Silks four dollars, say, a yard.

We won't ask you, on reflection,
Your peripheries to decrease;
Spread yourselves in a direction,
Circumfluent as you please.
But sheer waste—it brings bad luck—shun
While the future darkly looms;
Be not "besoms of destruction,"
For we can't afford the brooms!

While we break our hearts with shinning,
Quite cut up about our notes,
Can't you cut—O creatures winning!—
Something off your petticoats?
True, tis sacrilege to meddle
With your robes, but oh! forbear!
Stiffly works the business treadle,
Think, dears, of the wear and tear.

JERROLD'S hero, "made of money,"
Anything, of course, could do;
Paying bills to him was fun, he
Was all greenbacks, through and through.
But alas! no gnome or demon
Turns *our* substance into cash;
Therefore, don't put all your steam on,
Lest you burst us—don't be rash!

OUR EUROPEAN RELATIONS.

IN the last "Important from Washington" we find the following suggestive announcement:

"There is good reason to believe that our European relations are in a more delicate state than is generally supposed."

What's up now? Has JOHN BULL burst a blood-vessel, or a steam-vessel, or something? Has LOUIS NAPOLEON got the rheumatism, or the spavin, or the glanders? Has the Emperor of all the Russias got a Rush of blood to the head, or gout, or dyspepsia, or splint, or windgall, or *mania à potu?* Is VICTOR EMMANUEL suddenly taken worse, or Him of Austria badly afflicted with a sick head-ache?

That there is a "sick man" somewhere among the potentates we have no doubt. Dr. THURLOW WEED, as we are told, has been again ordered to Europe to look after them, which is a comfort to know. The potato, nothing but an American weed at first starting, brought great health and strength to many who now come under the head of our European relations, and may not some elegant extract be obtained from our modern American WEED with which to solace the drooping spirits of our cousins who are reported as being so poorly? Decoction of Dandelion, an American weed, is considered an excellent tonic. Let them try decoction of THURLOW WEED over there; he might not be nice to swallow, certainly; but then think of the splendid effects that would result from a bottle of him! Think of him curing the French Emperor of his tooth that is aching for Mexico, of his being decorated with the Cross of the Legion of Honor for his services, and of his being accorded the immense privilege of changing his surname from the humble WEED to the lordly DENT DE LION! Just think of it, now!

OUR FOREIGN RELATIONS.

British Lion.—"I SAY, NAP, HIS LEFT FLIPPER LOOKS SHAKY—WOULDN'T IT BE A GOOD TIME TO SAIL IN AND WIN?"

L. N.—"NOT YET, MON AMI—PAS ENCORE. WE SHALL HAVE ONE LOOK BEFORE WE SHALL TAKE ONE LEAP."

THE MARVEL MANUFACTURE.

PERSONS in the habit of reading up large quantities of "exchange papers," must have observed how for the last year, monstrosities of every kind (except lies, which are larger and plentier than ever) have ceased to be a prominent feature of exchange-paper literature. The war, a thing without manifest end, itself, has put an end to many a curious thing out of which the penny-a-liner used to get for himself a penny-lining. Telegrams to the "Assosociated Press" have usurped the place of Immense Pumpkins. The Giant Strawberry of our seasonable expectations has appeared this year only as an advertisement for the *Tribune*. Of the Snake found inside the Watermelon, not a single journal of the past Summer contains a record. Where is the Calf with two heads and no legs that was always to have been seen at the then present writing frisking merrily about on the sloping pastures of Farmer SMITH or Deacon BROWN, at some place within the convenient distance of a thousand miles or so from any reader? Where the Gnarled Oak-tree, whose most repulsive knot had twisted itself into a very exact and admirable likeness of the Father of his Country? Where the wrinkled old antecarbonifer of a Toad found snoozing inside a chunk of Mauch Chunk coal? Where the Idiot Boy of Snooksville, O., gifted with so wonderful a talent for algebra, metaphysics, music, abolition, polemical controversies, and sucking eggs? Where the Bear-faced Girl, the description of whom used involuntarily to remind experienced readers of her first-cousin the bare-faced imposture? Where the Petrified Indian found in a railroad excavation? Where the Bicentenarian Colored Man who was butler for fifty years to JOHN RANDOLPH of Roanoke? When the Bicentenarian Colored Man's Sister, who was ever so much older than him and never had the measles yet? Where, O where! are they all?

They have vanished away before worse things: before war, and politics, and brigadier-generals, and postage-stamp currency, and army-contractors, and honest men's detractors, and immense frauds, and spurious money, and spurious meat, and spurious drink, and 500-lb. conical shells, and Cyclopian guns, and white gunpowder, and black republicanism, and who knows how many other explosive things and infernal machines besides?

Would that we had them back again! One minute of the Immense Pumpkin were worth a whole foundry-full of 500-lb. conical shells. How far sweeter a thing the Idiot Boy of Snooksville, O., than the mature knaves who are setting the country on fire with their muffled lucifers! Would even Mr. BARNUM insult the family of the Abnormal Calf by exhibiting him in the same show-case with a swindling, but successful, army contractor in wax? Ah! it was pleasant to read, annually, of the Snake found in the Watermelon: there was no list of killed and wounded in the newspaper, then: there were more Gigantic Strawberries and fewer gigantic frauds: gold and silver flourished with the Petrified Indian and Antecarbonifer the toad, and the dirty, disgusting little postage-stamp, as a circulating medium, was a thing unknown.

Even so. The manufacturer of marvels has gone into the much more exciting business of blood and fire: the one-blue-postage-stamp-a-liner despises now, with characteristic ingratitude, the Pumpkin on which, in his great straits, he battened for a day. Such is human nature—but he may have recourse to the Pumpkin yet, when the Bomb-shell is dead and buried.

In the mean time, let the Bomb-shell be kept full and dry.

NEW TAX DECISIONS.

BY OUR OWN COMMISSIONER OF INTERNAL REVENUE.

1. No License is required to drink at a public bar, the act in most cases carrying its own license with it.

2. The Tax on Spoons refers altogether to the Silver, and not at all to the Human Article.

3. The License for a Law-Office is strictly local; and it being held that when a lawyer leaves his office he leaves his license behind him, a great improvement will be expected in the manners and morals of the Court-room.

4. Over-due paper left by Levanters from Wall Street will require a new tax, a Stamp necessarily following a Stampede.

5. No one will be required to take out a License to Breathe or to Eat his Breakfast, and the tax on gentlemen desirous of Dying will be confined strictly to the coffin.

6. In the matter of Small Loans, the patience only of the lender will be taxed, and there will be no tax on the memory of the borrower.

7. Young Ladies desirous of writing Poetry in the Magazines must take out a Poetic License for the same.

8. Although Declarations in Writs must be stamped, Declarations of Love will remain as free as ever.

9. All Wills will be taxed, except the Will of Lovely Woman, the extent of which is past finding out by the most acute assessor.

10. Gentlemen desirous of Picking Pockets (in the street) must take out a License; but Members of the Board of Aldermen will render an annual account of their Prigging, to which they are requested not to swear, as their Word is as good as their Oath.

PHILADELPHIA SAVED.

WE were all very much concerned about the safety of Philadelphia, that time the audacious rebels made their wild raid upon Pennsylvania; it made us breathe freely, again, to know that the invaders had skedaddled, and that Philadelphia was safe; for we could ill afford to lose Philadelphia, which is a good-sized city with all the modern improvements and a great many old-fashioned one besides.

There was another cause of sorrow to Philadelphia, however, as it appears, besides the dire anticipation of being taken in a cavalry skirmish and converted into barracks for dirty secession freebooters, who would never take the trouble to wash her marble doorsteps. People were starving in Philadelphia; that is, starving for want of music; though, perhaps, suffocating for want of Air would better express the state to which they were reduced. This we gather from the following paragraph, which commences a leader on "The Opera" in a late number of the Philadelphia *Press*:

"It is with feelings of the deepest satisfaction that we find our appeal for opera in Philadelphia responded to, at least on the part of the management."

There is a fine old religious spirit of thankfulness breathing through the above; and why should there not be? It is quite possible—judging from the immense importance attached to the boon of Opera by the *Press*—that Philadelphia had lived on nothing but a stale old brass band for goodness knows how long. We can even imagine her reduced to the necessity of devouring barrel-organs—things looked upon as so nasty in this metropolitan city of New-York, that even the dirty little street boys will not pick up the tunes that ooze from them. Perhaps Philadelphia might have been so far reduced as to have had nothing but a blind fiddler for several days at a time. We think we see her standing in a corner of the world, pale and wan, poorly off as to crinoline, and with a board nailed to her breast setting forth the sad story—"I am starving; I have not tasted Opera for six months." How grateful would a PATTI then have been to the poor creature! We see a fine subject for the pencil of a LEUTZE or a LANG, (perhaps DARLEY might be equal to the occasion,) in this. "GRAU coming to the relief of Philadelphia." The generous *impresario* might be represented with a basket on his arm, containing GUERRABELLA, PATTI, CORDIER, MORENZI, LORINI, KELLOGG, and other nice things, while, through the chinks of a hamper on his back, glimpses might be had of SUSINI, BRIGNOLI, AMODIO, and MACCAFERRI; and the action of the picture would consist in the rush made by destitute Philadelphia to seize upon the timely supplies.

We are glad to see that Philadelphia is so grateful to GRAU, to whom we are ourselves grateful for having preserved to us our Philadelphia. Who could live without Opera, we should like to know? It is felicitously said by the *Press*, in the article already referred to, that Opera exerts a happy reflex influence upon all our other æsthetic pleasures, and "even upon our practical relations of business." It does. Especially upon our practical relations of business. This cannot be too generally known, but it will be by and by, and then let no young man aspire to a stool in the merchant's office unless he can whistle the "Traviata" through without dropping a semiquaver, do up the Anvil Chorus from "Trovatore" upon his desk, or play upon the contrafagotto.

Honor to GRAU! Music is meat and drink to the æsthetic, and Philadelphia is safe.

THE FANCY FAIR.

ILLUSTRATING A CHARMING INCIDENT IN THE LIFE OF THAT GOOD-NATURED BUT SOMEWHAT SUSCEPTIBLE FELLOW, CHARLEY VAN BLOOMER.

Equivocal, though Well-meant.

AT the serenade given to Mrs. LINCOLN on the 25th October, Colonel A. J. HAMILTON, of Texas, made the following quotation in his little speech:

"'Tis sweet to hear the watch-dog's honest bark
Bay loud-mouthed welcome as we near our home."

Was this meant to apply to the Navy-Yard Band, who furnished the music for the occasion? If it was, of course the gallant Colonel intended it in a complimentary sense; but we rather guess that the sweet musicians composing the Navy-Yard Band must have found the "watch-dog's Bark" rather bitter to swallow.

The Sticking-Point.

NEW SOUTH-WALES is reported to be so overstocked with horses, at present, that "a contractor has engaged to boil down 3000 of these animals for glue."

The quality of such glue, of course, would depend upon that of the horse from which it might happen to be derived. Race-horses, for instance, would be likely to make Faster glue than cart-horses.

We think we see an idea in the above. Instead of making glue of horses, now, why doesn't some smart Yankee set to work and make horses of glue? They would just suit our cavalry riders, who want something under them that they can stick on.

The Jargon of Jugglers.

DIPLOMATIC slang is raging to a fearful extent, even in localities where its existence might be least expected. But a few short days ago we heard a bar-keeper allude to the straw through which a beverage had just gone its way, as "the inexorable logic of an accomplished fact."

BOSTON ON "LES MISERABLES."

THE world has reached a sorry pass
When such an ill-assorted mass
Of rags and fustian
Is petted, coddled, night and day,
Not only by the light and gay,
But saints are kindled by its ray
To fierce combustion.

What! well-trained minds, with Truth imbued,
Good moral minds, with strength endued
And orthodoxy—
Yielding themselves, emasculate,
To charms and spells that emanate
From *Paris!* where a man is great
And good by proxy?

Why should this pet of demireps,
This priest of Innate Good—who steps,
In search of Purity,
Among the vile—presume to try
And teach Respectability
The way to feel, and live, and die,
And treat Futurity?

Oh! he is *eloquent* enough;
And portions of his turgid stuff
Must pass for *feeling;*
And, when he pictures nobleness
And self-denial, in distress,
One feels a rush of tenderness
There's no concealing.

That HUGO wants to elevate
The wretched to the highest state
For which they're fitted,
And boldly handles many things
By some best let alone, and flings
Truth even in the face of kings,
Must be admitted.

But what a method, cheap and vile,
So different from the Boston style,
That perfect model!
He's so convulsive, prone to strain,
So tedious, so abrupt, so plain,
One wonders at the motley brain
That fills his noddle.

This indiscriminate charity—
So odious to such as we,
Who can't be blinded—
Is mischievous and does no good.
Virtue and Vice are freaks of blood:
These things are readily understood
By the clear-minded.

Fancy a childish Romish priest
Made out a perfect saint, at least;
And some low felon,
Possessed of every noble trait
Ever conferred by Heavenly fate,
Lying, at last, at Glory's gate
Like a ripe melon!

A demirep, called EPONINE,
Is worthy to have been a queen;
A little rowdy—
GARROCHE—dies like a demi-god;
A sylph to whom a king would nod
Was yesterday a shy and odd
Undoubted dowdy.

Away with all this idle stuff!
The moral world has had enough!
Abate the panic!
Be led no more by prurient bosh!
And wade no more in "sewer"-y slosh!
The only Virtue that will "wash"
Is Puritanic!

THE TWO HORATII.

FROM THE ABOVE DIAGRAM SOME IDEA MAY BE FORMED OF THE COMPAR..TIVE SIZES OF THE CONSERVATIVE HORACE AND THE OTHER HORACE.

A CONTRIBUTION TO THE HARMONY OF THE OCCASION.

I.

MANY songs have been raised where the Chase has been praised,
All prompted by sporting avidity;
But the CHASE that I sing is a different thing,
Chiefly characterized by stolidity,
Idity,
Chiefly characterized by stolidity.

II.

On assuming his place in the Treasury, CHASE
Found the nation in debt, and, to rid it, he
Borrowed more and still more, to pay off the old score,
With homœopath suicidity,
Idity,
With homœopath suicidity.

III.

A high "direct tax," and a lot of "greenbacks,"
Not backed by financial solidity,
Render useless, we're told, copper, silver, and gold,
And redeem the Exchequer's aridity,
Idity,
And redeem the Exchequer's aridity.

IV.

Army pay in arrear—debts due laborers here
Fail to soften his purse's rigidity;
While his credit he vamps by an issue of stamps,
An issue not marked by fluidity,
Idity,
An issue not marked by fluidity.

V.

But I pause—for I fear, if SIM. DRAPER should hear
My pecunio-papyric acidity,
No "habeas" I'd get, but in Fort Lafayette
Be confined for my caustical quiddity,
Iddity,
Be jugged for my boisterous quiddity.

MYTHOLOGICAL MUSINGS.

MODERN things and expressions can frequently be traced to the mythology of old. There was a queer story about the nymph DRYOPE, who was caught stealing a branch of a lotos-tree, and transformed into a vegetable of that kind, as a warning, by the sylvan deity who owned or leased the premises. Divesting this story of its romance, however, it gives us the origin of our expression, "Dry Up," which were probably the words used by the sylvan gentleman in question to some old woman hooking sticks from his hedge; and hence the absurd story of DRYOPE.

Of all the versions of the story about DEJANIRA making away with her husband, HERCULES, by means of a medicated shirt, the most plausible is the following: HERCULES was heard to say that he never could get along without his Club; on which being reported to DEJANIRA she locked up his dress shirt. Wives, in all ages, have displayed a well-founded objection to Clubs.

How old an institution is the pun!—how much more honored in the observance than in the breach! Here is a very ancient one, worth preserving and yet but seldom quoted. When APOLLO accidentally killed HYACINTHUS with a quoit, BACCHUS ran to pick up the boy. "Is he dead?" asked APOLLO, with breathless anguish. "Quoit dead," replied BACCHUS with a drunken leer.

These are awful financial times in which we are struggling. People didn't impose on people in old times as they do now-a-days; we'll bet drinks all round that JUPITER, when he visited DANAE in the disguise of a shower of gold, didn't let her in for 33⅓ per cent upon himself.

A Wood-crafty Reflection.

"IT'S all very well for them poicks to talk about 'the dews of our prime,'" remarked an old hunter, as he examined the pan of his fossilated flint-lock rifle, "but if we'd less of 'em around here my old shootin' iron hadn't a missed fire that time!"

To Swell the numbers of our regiments.
Let our Swells enlist.

Timber vs. Cotton.

WE see it stated that, for some particular purposes, cotton has been superseded by basswood shavings. It is to be hoped that the matter will rest here. Basswood shirts with hickory bosoms, warranted, would hardly be equal to cotton goods; but, as our gallant warriors are bringing wooden legs into vogue, we don't see any objection to throwing a few bales of basswood socks into the market.

Not Exactly.

IN his speech the other night at Brooklyn, the Hon. Mr. DICKENSON blandly enquired whether "the Leviathan of Rebellion can be drawn out with a hook?"

Not exactly, except "with a hook" in one sense of the expression. But there are people sanguine enough to think that the beast in question may yet be hauled out by a HOOKER.

OUR BOOK REVIEW.

The Poems of OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES. *Boston:* TICKNOR & FIELDS.

This little azure-and-gold volume, although of hardly more than pocket-size, contains some 400 pages of the "Professor's" poetical contributions to the *Atlantic Monthly*. What more need be said?

Eyes and Ears: by HENRY WARD BEECHER. *Boston:* TICKNOR & FIELDS.

A good title for a book by a "Muscular Apostle," whose mission may partly be to blacken the one and bite off the other. The present volume—independent of its title—bears *primâ facie* evidence that the eccentric author of it is still wide-awake.

N. B. The above books are to be found at the Mercantile Library, Astor Place.

WE have lately seen a very fine collection of portraits of eminent men of the day, with brief memoirs annexed. They are published by Mr. H. A. BROWN, late of Boston, who has just established himself in this city, as manager of the London Printing and Publishing Company.